

THE

Frontispice of the Kings Book opened.

WITH

A Poem annexed :

The In-security of Princes.

Considered in an occasionall Meditation upon
the King's late Sufferings and Death.

H O X A T

Sopius & ventis agitatur ingens

Pinus : & celsa gravido casu

Decidunt Turret : seruantq; summas

Fulmina Montes.

The Frontispice of the Kings Book Opened.

BEFORE three Kingdoms Monarch three Crowns lie;
Of Gold; of Thorne; of Glory; bright, but vaine;
Sharpe, yet but light : eternall to remaine :
O'th World; of Christ; of Heav'n : At's Foot; Hand; Eye;
Hee spurnes; accepts; expects. Kneeles; yet doth Reigte.

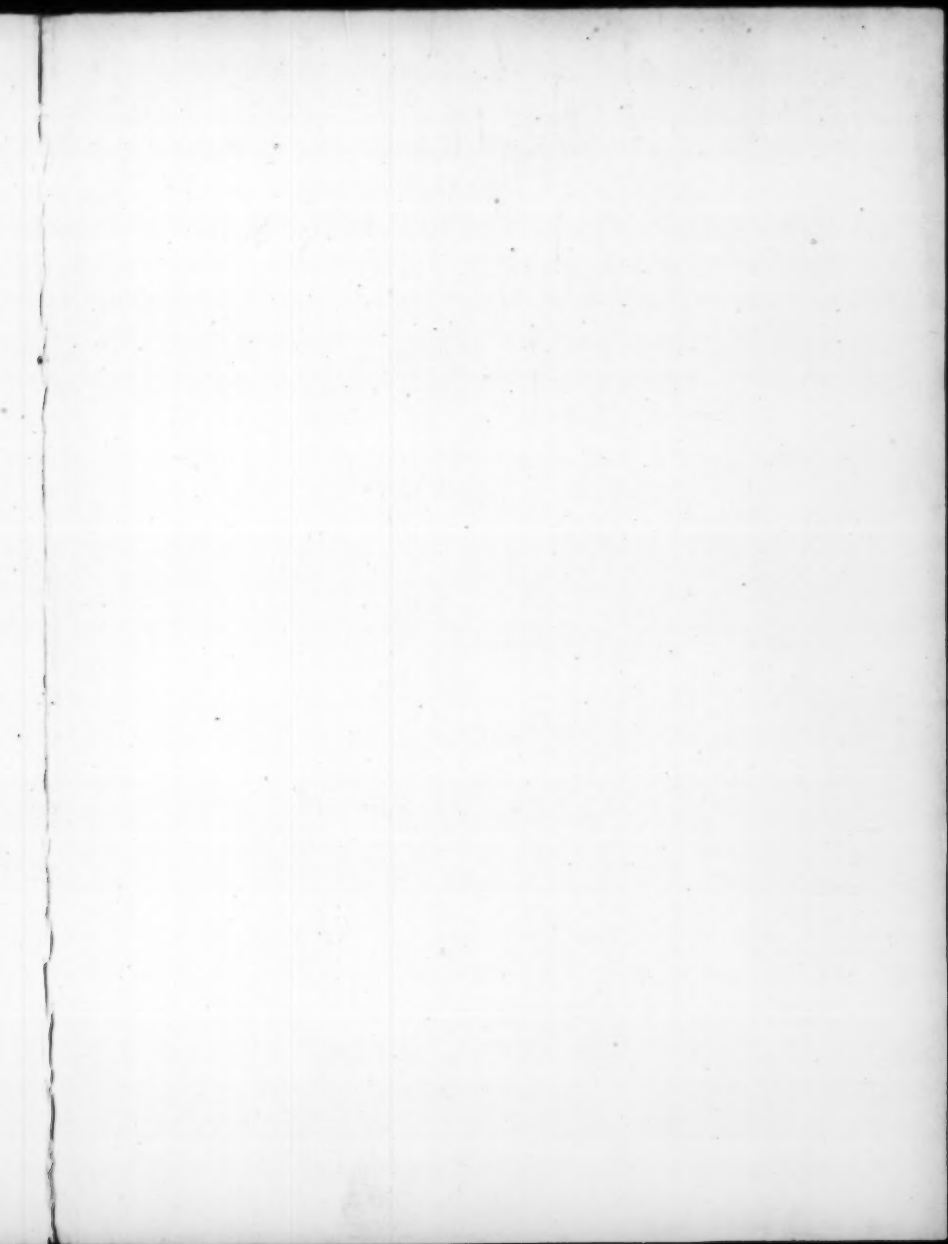
A Sun; a Rock; a Palm-tree : (Emblems fit)
The Sun in Clouds : the Rock in waves o'th Sea;
The Palm-trees boughs depres't with weights : Yet see,
The Sun shines out more bright; the Rock's unsplit;
Unmov'd: the Palm-tree flourishes. So Hee,

B

The

by William Somers

28 C. Lb.



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1347. d. 49





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Another more at large.

WHAT have wee here? a *Worldling*? Surely no.
 What is he then? a *Papist*? Neither so.
 Then haply some *Enthusiast*? Nothing lesse.
 Is hee an *Atheist* then? or what? *Expresse*.

To prove him not a *Worldling*, looke below,
 His action with his *Foot* prochimes him so,
 That hee's no *Papist* neither, looke before him,
Go's Word, no *Missal* there, doth so declare him.
 Wherein professing that his *Hope* doth rest,
 We may conclude hee's no *Enthusiast*.
 That likewise hee's no *Atheist*, marke his *Ey*
 To Heav'n lift up admits a *Deity*.

If then, no *Worldling*, nor a *Papist* hee,
 An *Atheist* neither, nor *Enthusiast* bee;
 What is hee then? Why, questionlesse a **KING**.
 A *King*? that's common, yet no common thing.
 (What's here presented to our view) to see
 A *King* to Heav'n devoted on his knee.
 Kings, though the greatest, yet not still the best:
 Too oft than Heav'n the *World* in more request
 With such. Then sure this is some *Christian King*;
 So *Christian* like his garbe in every thing.

For marke! his *Body* to devotion fram'd;
 His *Soule* the whilest with heav'nly fire enflam'd:
 Whose operation makes him spurne away
 His worldly *Crowne*, as *Burthensome* though *Gay*.
 Giving all earthly *Kings* to understand,
 That *Vanitie* doth still their *Crowne* attend:
 Which underfoote are fitter to be trod,
 Then touch'd with hand, or taken on the *Head*:
 This therefore with his foote thus turn'd away,
 His hand hee doth upon his *Saviours* lay.
 The which Though *Sharpe*, yet *Light*, and which by *Grace*
 Being attended, may be borne with ease.

And



And now, the former Crowne contemned, and
 This latter taken up with cheerfull hand;
 Gods word withall proposed for the scope,
 The Rule, the Square, the Anchor of his *Hope*;
 (Who promiseth that those with Christ shall raigae
 Who waving Crownes, his Crosse shall entertaine:)
 No marvell, if that Hee with stedfast *Eye*
 Of lively Faith, advanced to the Skye,
 Doth there behold a Crowne, which th'other two,
 As much as Heav'n the Earth, beyond doth go:
 Heaven's *Blessed* diadem, *Eternall*, and
 The which, as proper, *Glory* doth attend.

In this condition, what though *Winds* doe blow?
 And stormes on all sides threaten overthrow?
 Though Troubles rise, and *Waves* lift up their voice,
 Like *Billowes* beating with a hideous noise
 Upon (that embleme of a constant minde)
 A *Rocke*, that baffle both of *Waves* and *Winde*.
 Yet still Hee stands *Unmov'd*, maintaines His ground,
 O're all assaults *Triumphing*, safe and sound.
 Whil'st through *Black Clouds* breakes forth a Heavenly *Ray*,
 By *Darknesse* so set off, it *Shines* like Day,
 Which, streaming downe upon this constant *Head*,
 So quits the same of Care, his Heart of Dread,
 That, though oppressed, as the *Palme* by *Weights*,
 (*Vertues* true Embleme) yet t'a greater height
 Hee still ariseth of divine perfection
 Under the *Burthen* of the worst affliction.

And, thus is shadowed forth of *British Pearles*
 (So famous heretofore in forraigne Worlds)
 The most illustrious, orient, pretious one,
 That ever yet adorn'd the English Throne:
 The best of Kings, set o're the Subjects worst;
 The Father of the *Second*, *Charles* the *first*.

Did'st thou not know him, Reader? then looke hence:
 Here: that at hand will cure thy ignorance:
 His Picture by his owne rare Pencil ta'ne;
 None ever by *Apelles* better drawne:

His *Golden Manual*, so divine, so rare,
 As, save God's booke, admits of no compare.
 The Booke of Hookes, so choise (one word for all)
 As e're the Christian world was blest withall.
 This Front is but the Signe, I go, enter then,
 Thy Soule nere lodged in a braver Inne.
 Which to put downe, though Earth and Hell combine,
 Though Men and Devils all their forces joyne;
 Whil'st Clubs is Trumpe, yet unto all be't knowne,
 By Heav'n 'tis Licenc'd; and may not goe downe.
 Though, as a Booke it wants men's *Imprimatur*,
 It glorieth yet in his who's men's Creator.

Then Bles'd his Providence I thrice bles'd his Pleasure
 That hath good Subjects blest with such a Treasure.
 Meane time, accurs'd; and thrice accurs'd all such
 As, like damn'd Rebels, at this blessing grutch.
 Whil'st by this Booke the former grow much better,
 May Heav'n convert, or els confound the latter.

But Reader! on leave Strawes and gather Pearles;
 Leave these, and to the Lives of brave King CHARLES:
 Of whom, besides this admirable ETKIN
 Wee have another in our CHARLES the SECOND:
 One, of the virtues as apparent Heire,
 As of the Crowne of his illustrious Sire:
 In reference to whom, let's pray, say, sing,
 May Rebells perish: But

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The In-security of Princes.

How doth sad experience verifie
 His perilous estate that sits on high
 Would'st thou far off from thunder-stroke remove,
 Then keep thy distance, come not neere to fove:
 Whil'st high-pitch'd Towres ly ope to wind and weather;
 The low-thatch'd Bowre's insensible of either.

The

The lowly Shrubbe stands ever firme and fast,
 Whil't lofty Cedars shake with ev'ry blast.
 No stormy-winds disturb the humble Vale,
 Whilst the proud Mountaine feels the smallest gale.
 Safety but seldome at the Court resides:
 It flies the Prince, and with the Pesant bides.
 From Palaces contentment keeps aloofe:
 (A Cottage-guest) it loves the low-set-Roofe.

Votum Authoris.

WERE I then of the twaine my choice to make
 I'd leave the Palace, and the Cottage take.
 A Prince or Pesant might I choose to bee,
 The Pesant rather then the Prince for mee!
 Were I by option, high, or low to dwell,
 I'd choose the Valley and refuse the Hill.
 Might I, or Towre, or Bowre, at will elect,
 I'd take the Bower, and the Towre reject.
 Ever preferring safe obscurity
 To envied in-secure sublimity.
 And choosing rather to abide below,
 Then hazard, from the Hill, an overthrow.
 "Who's downe already, of up-standers all
 "Hath this advantage: That hee feares no fall.

Another.

OTo what dangers, to what cares and feares,
 Is hee exposed that the Scepter beares!
 What though a golden Crowne his browes adorne?
 'Tis little better than a Crowne of thornes.
 Such cares his head molest, his heart such feares,
 Whose head the Crowne, whose hand the Scepter beares.
 The saying's old, but true: Were it but know'n
 To him that in the Streets should find a Crowne

What Cares attend the same, hee would not stoop
 (As hardly worth the paines) to take it up.
 No Crowne without a crosse: the Crowne and care,
 Like sinne and sorrow, undivided are.
 'Twixt Crowne and care as great affinitye,
 As 'twixt Effect and Cause; 'twixt Fruit and Tree.
 For worldly Crownes how fond is th^e n the trife!
 No Crowne for me, except the Crowne of Life!
 Those, like to worldly glorie, pass away;
 This immarcesible, and lasts for ay.
 Though robbed of the former, yet the head
 Of brave King *Charles* with this is garnished:
 And He triumphant sits aloft, and sings
 Continuall praises to the King of Kings:
 Above the reach of those malignant ones;
 Rebellious *Corah's*, worst of *Belials* sons;
 Whom as hee here with patience, so there
 Beholds with pity, and with smiling cheere
 Laughs at their Malice, disappointed so,
 That making him a mortall Crowne forgo,
 A Crowne immortall he hath gain'd. Fond men!
 'Tis you, not he, that are the losers then.
 For you have lost a Prince, of whom fame swore,
 There never was the like; nor should be more.
 For Intellectualls, t'admiration rare;
 And for his Morals beyond all compare.
 For his Religion, past example sound;
 And for devotion ne're enough renown'd.
 Whether as Husband, Parent, Master, He
 A Mirror fit for all posteritie.
 In short, say malice whatsoe're shee Can,
 The Sunne ne're shone upon a braver man:
 And of his Country such a tender father;
 That, than wrong it, hee Martyrdome chose rather.
 And thus unto some few mens lawlesse pleasure
 Was sacrific'd three Kingdoms Choicest treasure.
 Whil'st Villany with Villani's upheld,
 And Murder for Rebellion made the shield.

Thus

Thus bad beginnings to worfe ends are ty'd :

A Rebells first and then a Regicide.

No other Plea, that ever I could see,

For that their so much urg'd *Necessitie*,

Necessitie ? O Heav'ns ! Curs'd bee that neede,

Which makes a sinner in his sinne proceede !

Was 't not enough they should so ill beginne ?

But they must needs bee adding sinne to sinne ?

Is this their thorough Reformation ? this

I' th' feare of God to perfect holinesse ?

Thus keep they Cov'nant, when away they take

His Life, whom *Glorious* here they vow'd to make ?

If these bee Saints, if this their Doctrine bee,

A sinner rather then a Saint for mee !

If such as these the fruits of Sanctitie,

Then *Machiavel* himselve a Saint may be,

If Saints are understood in this large sence,

'Twixt Saints and Devills what's the difference ?

This sounds more like the voice of Hell or Rome,

Into whose secrets let not my Soule come !

Nor yet of theirs ; a sort of brain sick youths,

Pretenders to new Lights, and to new Truths :

Old Errors these ; darke-Lanthorns those, the which

Betray their followers into Hell's black ditch,

But see what by faire words they promised,

By their foule deeds is now accomplished,

Though in a better sence ; good out of ill

Heav'ns midwifry producing, spight of Hell.

For maugre Men and Devills, hee's become

So glorious as no Prince in Christendome,

And is by so much more exalted now

As lately (Rebells) trampled on by you.

Experience thus confirms the Adagy :

* That hee that suffers gets the Victory.

Votum Authoris.

IS Suffering then to Heav'n the Kings high-way ?
Goes the Voluptuous Worldling cleane astray ?

Then,

Then Mammonists sing requiems to your soules !
 Let *Bacchus* boyes Carowe their wine in bowles ;
 Let Gluttons of their Bellies make their God :
 Let Gallants glory to bee richly clad ;
 Let Sluggards stretch themselves on beds of downe ;
 Their heads with Rose-buds let the wanton crowne ;
 Let the Ambitious live to towre on high ;
 Let the Malicious hug his evil Ey :
 Let the Sacrilegist celebrate the day
 That made Church-lands become his lawfull prey :
 Whilst the proud Rebell triumpheth that hee
 Himselfe can raise by fall of Monarchy :
 But thou my Soule ! abhorre such prostitutions !
 Such sensuall Epicurean base pollutions !
 Meere by-paths these, for Straglers ; waies that tend,
 Like that broad-Rode, unto some dismall end,
 The Crosse let bee thy portion, sanctifi'd !
 Thy Sovereign, next thy Saviour, bee thy guide :
 Went thy sweet Saviour to the fatall Tree,
 Thy Sovereign to the Block, so willingly ?
 And wilt thou startle at a petty crosse ?
 A light affliction ? some sleight temporall losse ?
 Such Captaines, and a Coward ! No ; Thus led,
 I'le scorne it should be said I flinch'd or fled.
 Heav'ns say Amen, and grant I henceforth may
 The broad declining, choose the narrow way !
 Then, though hearts grieve may by the way offend,
 Yet such heart-ease shall crowne my journeyes end,
 As never Eye hath seene, Eare heard, nor can
 Conceived bee by heart of Mortall-man.

Then set a period here. Let contemplation
 Make up the rest in silent admiration.

FINIS.



